



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

cheerful laugh of the departed one had made his home a little paradise, and feels that that home is now for ever desolate! Is there a desert so deserted?

"James," said Mr Scanlan, after he had looked steadfastly at him for some time, "you were the first she brought me; and when you came into the world, I was almost beside myself with joy; and when I was allowed to enter the room where she was sitting up in bed, with you in her arms, I almost smothered you both with kisses; and I cried, and laughed, and danced about as if I was mad. Sure I needn't be ashamed to own it, now that she's gone. And when I told her that they said you were the image of me, she answered me, 'So he ought, for sure you were always before my eyes;' and when I said that I couldn't be 'always,' she said that 'twas the eyes of her heart she meant. So, Pat, avourneen (addressing the younger, who had been all this time crying bitterly), though you're the living image of her that's dead, and though father couldn't love son more than I do you, you're not surprised that I gave James the preference sometimes, though I never loved you the less."

"Father dear," said Pat, "I was never jealous of Jem, nor he of me; we both knew that our faces and tempers and dispositions took after you both—Jem's after you, and mine after my mother. Oh! mother dear! mother dear!" He burst into a paroxysm of grief, ran wildly into his mother's room, and threw himself across the bed, roaring in a frenzied manner, "James, honey, isn't the house terrible lonesome?" and a violent shudder ran through poor Scanlan's frame. "Isn't there a great echo in it? It's very chilly; I believe I had better go and lie down on the bed."

He stood up, and, continuing the forward movement of his body after he had risen to a standing position, would have fallen, extended on his face, but that I caught him just as his watchful son had sprung to save him.

Poor Pat now mastered his feelings in some degree, and turned his entire attention to assist his surviving parent. He was laid on the bed, and shortly recovered himself, and addressed my father. "I know your honour feels for my trouble, and will excuse the boys and me for not showing the attention we ought to show for your goodness."

"Say nothing about attention to me, James; I am sorry for your trouble, and, God knows, I wish I knew how to relieve and comfort you."

"I'm sure you do, sir.—Boys, I won't be long with you. The pulse of my heart is gone. Look up to his honour, and never forget, that, though there's no clanship in these times, and though many a shoneen holds a higher head than his in the country now, you still owe him your love and fealty, for he's one of the real old stock; and your forefathers followed his forefathers in war and peace, when, if you stood on the highest crag of the Bogaragh, you couldn't see to the bounds of their wide domains. And while his honour is present, and I have my senses clear about me, I'll lay my commands on you both, boys; and if ever you break through them (though I am sure you never will), let his honour, and the young master here bear witness against you."

He then delivered what was simply a verbal will, directing how they should dispose of and divide his property and effects, and concluded as follows:—

"When your mother and I were married, we were both of us full of old sayings and proverbs, and we thought, like most others, that their meaning should be taken in the plainest and fullest signification; and as most of them are universally allowed to contain a great deal of wisdom and good sense, we thought that whoever regulated his or her conduct strictly according to their rule, would of necessity be the wisest person in the world."

One of these sayings, that I had been taught to believe was one of the wisest ever pronounced by man, was, 'there's luck in leisure,' and this was my most favourite maxim; but when I got married, I found that your mother—that your mother had a favourite one also—'delays are dangerous.'

Well, the first year, when the corn was coming up, a corn factor came to this part of the country, and offered a middling fair price for an average crop. Mary bade me take it, as I'd have that much money certain, and if the season should turn out bad, the factor would be the sufferer, and I'd be safe. Take it at once,' said she; 'you know "delays are dangerous."

I began to consider that if the season should be only middling, inclining to bad, I might get as much money still, as the factor offered; and if it should turn out fine, the crop

would produce a great deal more, whilst it would be only in the event of a bad season that I'd be apt to lose. 'There's luck in leisure,' said I; 'I'll wait.'

Well, the season was dreadful; most of the crops were totally destroyed, and we suffered more than almost any of the neighbours. I was afraid to look Mary in the face, when I had made out the extent of my loss, but she only said, 'Come, Jemmy, it can't be helped; the worse luck now, the better another time. You'll attend more to wise old sayings for the future; they were made out of wiser heads than yours.'

'Ah, but, Mary, a-cushla, it was following an old saying that I was; sure you have often heard say, "there's luck in leisure." 'Poh,' said she, 'that's only a foolish saying, take my word for it.'

Next year the sky-farmer came again. He had lost nothing, for no one would deal with him, on his terms, the year before; and to hear how heartlessly he'd jeer and jibe them that had the sore hearts in their bosoms, and calculate up for them how much they had lost, and then he'd say, he supposed they wouldn't refuse a good offer another time. Well, I asked him was he going to make me a good offer, and he said he wouldn't care if he did, and he offered as much as would hardly pay the rent, letting alone seed and labour. 'Why,' said I, 'you'll give as much as you offered last year.' 'Not I indeed,' said he; 'I bought experience instead of corn last year, and you paid for it; and he laughed, and shook himself with glee, and chuckled, and jingled the guineas in his pockets, until I was hardly able to keep from knocking him down.

Well, I higgled and bargained, and tried to raise him, but not another penny would he give; and at last he said that he was going away in the morning, and so I might take it or leave it, as I liked—he wouldn't force his money on any man, not he. 'Delays are dangerous,' thought I; and, though it was a certain loss, I agreed.

A finer season than that, never came from the heavens. The factor came to see the crops, and such crops as they were! Several others had done like me; and if he laughed at us the year before, he laughed ten times more now. The year before he had lost nothing: this year he had made a fortune. He had laughed at our losses before, but he now laughed over his own gains. 'They may laugh who win.'

If he had taken it quieter, he might have done the same thing again; but by acting as he did, he set every one against him, and he never after could buy up growing crops here.

'Mary, my darling,' said I, 'we're almost ruined, in the second year, by following old sayings. I'll never believe in them again.' 'Jemmy, dear,' said she, 'I have been thinking the matter over, and I believe it's not the sayings that are wrong, but the wrong use that's made of them; for if we had said them the other way, we'd have made money instead of losing it; and for the future we'll try to use the sense that God has given us, and the acquisitions such as they are that He has enabled us to obtain, in directing us to the proper use and timely application of those proverbs that are really wise and useful when properly applied.'

As it was the will of the Almighty, boys, that your dear mother should not have had her senses about her when departing, and it's likely that these are the last of her sensible words that I'll ever be able to tell you, I'd have you take them, and think upon them as if they were her last addressed to you, and let neither proverbs, however apparently wise in themselves, nor superstitious remarks, ever guide your actions or sway your conduct until you have applied to them the touchstone of your own common sense.

May God bless and guide you, my darling boys; and now I have done with the world and its affairs."

That day fortnight the funeral of James Scanlan was attended by

NAISI.

IRISH BULLS.—On the first appearance of Miss Edgeworth's admirable "Essay on Irish Bulls," the secretary of a celebrated agricultural society in Ireland received orders from its committee to procure several copies of the book, for the use of the members in their labours for improving the breed of cattle!

AN AMBITIOUS HORSE AND ACCOMMODATING RIDER.—An Irishman was riding through a bog, when his horse sank deeply into the mud, and in his efforts to extricate himself, Pat got his foot into the stirrup. "Arrah, musha!" exclaimed the rider, "if you are going to get up, it is time for me to get down!" and he forthwith proceeded to dismount with all reasonable speed.